

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing."

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Poetry.

WILL HE BE HOME TO-NIGHT?

From the Southern Homestead.

Will he be home to-night?

The light fades out from the purple hills,

The woodlands are turning brown,

On rock and river, and musical vills,

The shadows are coming down,

A faint blush lingers along the sky,

And over the mountain's height

Oh! speed dark hours like swift birds by,

For we must be home to-night.

See! nestled soft in their downy beds

Over which the first light glows,

Peep out three golden curly heads

And speak of the richest roasts

The board is spread with its dainty cheer,

The tapers are all alight,

My father's in bloom—but can this be fear?

Oh! will he come home to-night?

My mother's glow, 'tis because they see

And interior with faithful shine,

The stars of love that will bring with thee

In those soft dark eyes of thine?

And the golden gleams, the sun on streams

And the floating of music light—(dreams,

That will dance o'er my heart in its gladsome

If thou wilt come home to-night?

My father's glow, 'tis because I'm true,

In this happy life I live,

Oh! will he come home to-night?

My mother's glow, 'tis because they see

And interior with faithful shine,

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AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS.

On the whole, pleasant traits and in-

cidents are not common in the cars, I

think. This opinion I expressed to my

friend Somers, the other day. In reply

to my remark, he related a little ad-

venture, which, as it is apropos, and

moreover involves a little love and sen-

timent, I give without apology, in his

own words. It appears that the most

unlikely places, love and sentiment may

be discovered.

"I was escorting home the lovely

Charlotte D. to whom, a year or two

ago, quite devoted, we got into one of

the crowded avenue cars. Charlotte

could scarcely find room to spread her

crinoline, and arrange her voluminous

floofies; I stood up near her, there being

no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes, came in a poor

woman, who deposited a basket of clothes

on the platform, and held in her arms

a small child, while a little girl hung to

her dress. She looked tired and weary,

but there was no vacant seat, so she

Charlotte might have condescended her

seats, but she did not. The woman, how-

ever, sat very lovely and elegant

young woman, who seemed trying, by

moving down closer to others, to make

room enough for the stranger between

herself and Miss D. At last, she suc-

ceeded, and with the sweetest blush

ever saw, she invited the poor, hap-

less creature to be seated. Charlotte D.

—drew her drapery around her and

blushed too, but it was not a pretty

blush at all, and she looked annoyed at

the proximity of the new comer, who

was, however, clean and decently, though

thinly clad.

"The new lady drew the little

girl upon her lap, and wrapped her

velvet mantle around the small, half-clad

form, and put her muff over the half-

frozen little hands.

"So great was the crowd, that I alone

succeeded in observing. The child

seemed to be looking at me, and then

upon her unprotected neck. I saw the

young lady quietly take off her shawl,

which she softly put on the shoulders of

the little one, the mother looking on

with confused wonder. After a short

time, she rose to leave the car, and

would have removed the shawl, but the

unknown lady whispered, 'No; keep it

on, keep it for her.' The woman did

not answer, the conductor hurried her

out, but her eyes were in tears, which

no one saw but me. I noticed her as

she descended to a basement, and I hastily

marked the house.

"Soon after, my unknown lady also

departed. I was in despair, for I wanted

to follow and discover her residence, but

could not leave Miss D.

"I—I—I don't know," said Mr. Brown.

"Where do you wish to be carried?"

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"Do not know," said Mr. Brown.

"No 19 H—street," said the gen-

tleman already introduced glancing con-

temptuously at Brown.

"Will you go with me, Mr. Jones?"

said the lady. "I am not fully recovered

from the fainting fit into which you

casually drove me."

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr.

Jones?" asked Brown with some anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then you have recovered from your

fainting fit?"

"I am," said the lady.

AN OLD MAID MAKES A YOUNG WIDOW.

It is generally the case that the more

beautiful and rich a young female is,

the more difficult are both her parents

and herself in the choice of a husband,

and the more offers she refuse. The

one is too tall, the other too short—

not wealthy, that respectable enough.

Meanwhile one spring passes after an-

other, and year after year carries away

leaves of the bloom of youth and ap-

proach after opportunity. Miss Harriet

Selwood was the richest heiress in her

native town; but she had already com-

pleted her twenty-seventh year, and be-

lieved almost all her young friends into

men who she had, at one time or

another discarded. Harriet began to be

set down for old maid. Her father, how-

ever, was really uneasy, and she herself

lamented in private, a position which

was not a natural one, and to which those

to whom Nature and Fortune have been

niggard of their gifts are obliged to sub-

mit. But Harriet, as we have said, was

both handsome and very rich.

Such was the state of things when her

uncle, a wealthy merchant in the North

of England, came on a visit to her

parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-

forward man, accustomed to attack all

difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one

day, "I regretted the most amiable

brother, the grand point in every

affair in this world is to seize the right

moment; but let the girl go along

with me, and before the end of three

months I will return her to you as the

wife of a man as young and wealthy as

myself."

A way went the niece with her uncle.

On the way home, he thus addressed

her:

"Mind what I am going to say. You

are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs.

Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy,

wholesome woman, who is about to be

married to a young man, who is about

to lose your husband, Col. Lumley, after

a happy union of a quarter of a year, by

a fall from a horse while hunting."

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs.

Lumley. Your father has invested the

widow's money. Here, look you, I

will be the wedding ring given you by your

husband. Jewels, and whatever else

you need, your aunt will supply you with,

and accustom yourself to cast down your

eyes."

"The kind-witted uncle introduced his

niece everywhere, and everywhere she

was young, wealthy, and charming. The

gentlemen looked at her, and she soon

had her choice out of twenty

suitors. Her uncle advised her to ac-

cept the one who was deepest in love

with her, and a rare chance decreed that

this should be the most amiable

and opulent. The match was soon

concluded, and one day the uncle de-

clared to say a few words to his future

nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have

told you an untruth."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Lumley affec-

tation.

"Nothing of the kind; my niece is

sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not

equal to what you told me."

"On the contrary, it is much larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"A joke, my dear sir, which

came into my head one day when I was

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

"If you invest money in tools, and

then leave them exposed to the weather

it is the same as loaning money to a

spendthrift without security—a dead

loss in both cases."

"If you invest money in books and

never read them, it is the same as putting

your money in a bank, but never drawing

either principal or interest."

"If you invest money in fine stock and

do not feed and protect them, and prop-

erly care for them, it is the same as dress-

ing your wife in silk to do kitchen work."

"If you invest your money in choice

fruits and do not guard and give them a

chance to grow and prove their value, it

is the same as putting a good hand into

the field with poor tools to work with."

"If you invest your money in a good

farm and do not cultivate it well, it is

the same as marrying a good wife and

not abusing and enslaving her as to crush

her energies and break her heart."

"If you invest your money in a fine

house and do not cultivate your mind

and taste as to adorn it with intelligence

and refinement, it is as if you were to

wear broad-cloth and a silk hat to mill."

"If you invest your money in fine

clothes and do not wear them with dig-

nity and ease, it is as if a plowman were

to sit at a jeweler's table to make and

adjust hair springs."

"If you invest your money in strong

drink, it is the same as turning hungry

hogs into a growing cornfield—ruin will

follow in both cases."—Rural Register.

THE MARRYING SEASON IN IRELAND.

From New Year's Day to the com